THE

Muſes Magazine,

BEING A

Choice Collection of SONGS,

ng at *Vauxhall*, *Ranelah*, the *Theatres*, and all genteel *Places of Public Amuſement*.

CONTAINING

The Telegraph.
Leap Year.
The Dream.
The Sailor's Journal.
The Iriſh Newſman.
The Tinker.
Jockey and Jenney.
n the Dead of the Night.
9. My own Dear Somebody.
10. Tom Block.
11. Blooming Sally.
12. Dialogue between the Devil and the Baker.
13. Old Towler.
14. Lera La.
15. Sally Mac Gee.

LONDON:

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1. THE TELEGRAPHE.

IF you'll only juſt promiſe you'll none of you laugh,
I'll be after explaining the French Telegraphe;
A machine that's endow'd with ſuch wonderful power,
It writes, reads, and ſends new 50 leaues in an hour,
Then there's watch-words, a ſpy-glaſs, an index or hand,
And many things more none of us underſtand,
But which, like the noſe on your face, will be clear,
When we have, as uſual, improv'd on them here. (rich as Jews,
Oh the dablers in lotteries will grow
Stead of flying pigeons to give them the news,
They'll a Telegraphe place upon old Ormond quay,
Put another board ſhip in the midſt of the ſea, (the rank,
And ſo on to town, each to tell thro'
The firſt thouſand pound prize was that morn drawn a blank;
And thus, if the air ſhould but chance to be clear,
In two hours will the news of dear Dublin be here. (races go down,
When the Newmarket ſquad to the
By confederates and telegraphes ſtationed in town,
They'll get news long before the mail coaches come in,
Plates, matches, and ſweepſtakes, who loſe and who win,
And how, after a croſſing and joſtling dead heat,
That Black-legs and Rook was by Belzebub beat;
Ah juſt let them alone, by my ſoul there's no fear,
But the turf will improve on the telegragh here.
Then what a ſure guide will the telegraphe prove, (ing for love;
To remote their deſigns who are dy-
If an old married lady ſhould co a young man,
Can't ſhe make a ſpy-glaſs of ſticks of her fan;
Then ſuppoſe an appointment, hour to be two,
Can't the index point thus, and watch-word be boo; (app
Sure didn't I tell you I'd make 'Twill be mighty convenient prov'd upon here. (ad
Adieu penny-poſts, mails and coa
Your occupation is gone, 'till overwid you; (houſe we'll
In your place telegraphes on
To tell time, conduct light'n dry ſhirts, and ſend news;
Thus with ſignals and flags ſtrea top of each ſtreet, (grand fl
The town to a bird will appe
And ſince England's grand flee the French convey fear,
Sure han't we improv'd on the legraphe here?

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2. LEAP YEAR.

COME round me, ye laſſes, and me an ear; (Leap
The Almanack ſays Ninety
Huſſey, cries out Margery, numſkull, what then?
Why zounds, don't the wome courting the men,
And they'll make the beſt on't not ſtand hum drum,
For they won't have anothe eighty years to come,
Come, ladies, a truce to each eniſh fear, (new
Kiſs the fellows and wiſh 'em a new year.

A happy new year, a happy new
Kiſs the fellows and wiſh
happy new year.

See the ſly little toads how the and grin, ('em under the
That right, ſqueeze his hand,
See that ſhrimp with that giant puattle and toy,

u're a deviliſh fine fellow, nay,
don't be ſo coy,
en ſhe ſmirks and ſhe pats him,
and ſo this the road is,
ll theſe leap years be nice times
for the ladies, (ſimper and leer,
at r ght, how they ſnigger and
s 'em up girls, and wiſh 'em a
happy new year.
e as there's no Jack but he finds
out his Gill, (get my fill,
o knows he but I may of love
'em come, who's afraid? wounds
as ſtout as they be, (ing of me,
ould like to catch them a court-
that chuſes me out a perſon of
taſte, (ſham'd face,
n tell her, will find me not very
at does tell me, ſays I, that thou
loves me, my dear,
s a buſs then, and wiſh me a
happy new year.
wounds while I joke ſo in this
merry fit, (run 'fore my wit,
aunt let my tongue, d'ye ſee,
however one may laugh 'bout
the girls and be free,
y have more ſenſe by half in
theſe matters than we,
e a woman her way, and I'll
wager upon her,
leaves foppery and nonſenſe to
chuſe truth and honour,
i he may well brag, and his head
high uprear, (new year.
om ſhe kiſſes and wiſhes a happy
h as each Britiſh beauty be con-
ſtant and loyal, (jeſty royal,
much do they doat on his Ma-
t now they got leave for to do
what they pleaces,
i if 'twere not for ſhame they'd
all kiſs him to pieces,
s loyalty, truth, and each gene-
rous duty, (neſs and beauty,
earnt to we men folks by ſweet-
us not be outdone in our own
proper ſphere, (be leap year.
let love merit love, and each year

3. The Dream.

'TWAS a hundred years ago,
Or thereabout I believe,
Liv'd a wife, you muſt know,
As I quickly ſhall ſhow,
A true bred daughter of Eve,
For this wife though ſpouſe was civil,
For ſo the ſtory ran,
Was tempted to evil,
But not by the devil,
But a deviliſh handſome young man.
This young man was an officer gay,
With a mein ſo militaire,
An enſign on half pay,
Though no colonel ſome ſay,
Had ſo fine and ſo noble an air;
Now the huſband had but one eye,
And for this his crafty bride
Choſe him out, by the bye,
Half her faults to eſpy,
And to catch him upon the blind ſide
The huſband was gone from home,
She trick't out ſmart and neat,
Now the officer's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is preſently beat,
When Betty, who cloſely watch'd,
Cried out, as ſhe came unawares,
If a lie can't be hatch'd,
We are all of us catch'd,
For my maſter's a coming up ſtairs.
Cried the wife, I have hit on it ſure,
Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch,
We're from danger ſecure,
Get behind the door,
Wit never left wife at a pinch;
Then the huſband came in ſight,
Cried ſhe, in a counterfeit ſcream,
What joy and delight
Does your preſence excite,
Dear husband I dreamt a dream.
A dream ſo extraordinary and rare,
Pray heaven it prove not a lie,
I dream in that chair,
'Tis as true as you are there,
That fate had reſtor'd your blind eye;
Cried he, what a rout and a pother,
Nay, nay, at my hopes do not ſcoff,

The blind eye's like it's brother,
Let me cover t'other,
This doing the lover ſtole off.
Her Mars ſafe retreated, ſhe cried,
Well, love, is the fight wholly loſt?
Yes, wife, your dream lied,
Tho' till doomsday you tried,
I ſhould yet ſee no more than a poſt;
Then the devil take dreams I ſay,
For I'm more diſappointed than you,
Quoth the husband, nay nay,
When next I'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.

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4. THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

TWAS paſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal, I from Nancy parted,
At ſix ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands, and broken hearted:
At ſeven, while tautning the fore-ſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
With careleſs ſailors, ever cheerly,
On the mid-watch, ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers, labour cannot weary;
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouſes,
When o'er the grog all hands delight
To toaſt their ſweet-hearts and their ſpouſes;
Round went the can, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh, and toaſted Nancy

Scarce the foul hurricance was clear'd
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntleſs we prepar'd battle;
And now, while ſome lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning ruſh'd on every fancy,
To Providence I truſted life, put up a prayer,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At laſt, twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. diſcover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together,
At ſeven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſh'd o'er my fancy,
At twelve, I gaily jump aſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſs Nancy.

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5. IRISH NEWSMAN.

YOU may ſing of your waggoners, ploughboys, and watchmen,
Your lamp lighters, ſailors, pedling jews,
There's no trade likemine, for you're ſure to catch men,
Rich, poor, and ugly, all rading the news;
While round with my papers I forward I'm going,
My maſters they find me employment enough,
For we make out the buſ'neſs puffing and blowing,
My maſter's horns after blow whateyer they puff,
And between us both we contrive
Botheroo! ditheroo! merry and free,
My horn always made as much noiſe as he cou'd,
For as ſure as dear Dublin's the country for whisky,
It muſt be an ill wind that blows nobody good.
If our Oracle ever ſhou'd fail, you'll wonder

e Times are complain'd of as not
always right,
d sometimes the ſun, juſt by way
of a blunder,
ſets in the morning and riſes at
night;
en twould puzzle your worſhips
my plan to unlock it,
wofien I travel regardleſs of harm
th a Star in my hand, and The
World in my pocket,
d carry a Telegraph under my arm.
d then you ſee I'm like the Pub-
ic Ledger, open to all parties and
nfluenced by none, and thats the
way I botheroo, ditheroo, &c.
en I've all the agreeable news of
he nation,
ur battles and murders, and ſuch
pretty joke,
d your parliament ſpaches, agrah!
botheration,
d the nate little things that are
done by grate folks,
en I lump every accident, death,
or promotion,
ur tragedies, comedies, all in a
ſtring,
d wedlock and hanging, for ſome
have a notion
t one thing and t'other is juſt
the ſame thing.
d by my conſcience I think ſo
myſelf, for a man had better be
uck'd up at once than plagu'd
with a perpetual botheroo, dithe-
oo, &c.

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6. TINKER.

daddy was a tinker's ſon,
d I'm his boy, tis ten to one,
e's pots to mend! was ſtill his cry,
e's pots to mend! aloud bawl I.
e ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
ppers to ſolder, or braſs pans,
wives, my dad near a ſcore;
d what's as wonderful as true,
daddy was the Lord (upon my
oul he was) the Lord knows who!

'Tis a hard matter for a child to know its own father, beſides, my mother was a Queen: oh! yes the Queen of the Gypſies, and perhaps I was born a Prince! the new, like other tinkers, I mend one hole and make two, with my

Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh I'm your man.
Once I in budget, ſnug had got
A barn door capon, and what not.
Here's pots to mend! I cried along,
Heres pots to mend! was ſtill my
ſong.
At village wake—oh curſe his throat,
The cock crowd out ſo loud a note,
The folk in cluſters flock'd around,
They ſeiz'd by budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, peaſe and
beans
Beſides a jolly tinker (yes by the
lord) a tinkers ways and means.
Oh! they took my all, left me nothing but my paternal eſtate, which conſiſted of my
Tan ran tan, &c.
Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of caſh, the folks I hum.
Heres pots to mend, bring me ſome
beer!
The landlord cries, "youll get none
here,
'You tinkering dog your tricks I
know,
'More beer indeed! pay what you
owe.
In rage I ſqueez'd 'gainſt the door,
And with his back rub off the ſcore.
At his expence we drown all ſtrife,
For which I praiſe the landlord,
could not do leſs than praiſe the land-
lord's wife.
And becauſe ſhe was pretty—what yes! what a ſhape, another quart and ſcore it up to the tinker—at any time ſhould you want any little job don', you may command me and my
Tan ran tan, &c.

7. JOCKEY AND JENNEY.

TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers had bloom'd and grass was down,
Each shepherd woo'd his dear;
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay,
The lass she blush'd and frowning cry'd,
Ah na, it will na do,
I canna, canna, wilna, munna buckle too,
For Jocky was a lad that never would wed,
Though long he follow'd the lass,
Contented she was to eat her brown bread,
And so cheerfully turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny, &c.
But when he told her he'd make her his bride,
Tho his flock and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vowd she would ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
The lass no more blush'd and frowning cry'd,
Ah me, &c.

8. IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

IN the dead of the night, when with labor oppress'd,
All mortals enjoy the sweet blessing of rest,
A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,
Who is it, said I, who is it that my rest thus destroys?
He answered so softly, so gently, so mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child,
Its a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
And I have lost my way, so pray let me in,
In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
I open'd the door, and a boy stood in sight,
He had wings on his shoulders, the rain from them dript,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was equipp'd.
I stir'd up my fire, set him down by,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,
I chaf'd him all o'er, to keep out the cold,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.
No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
Then he took up the bow and said, Mam, if you please,
I would fain, with your leave, experiment know,
If the rain has not damag'd the strings of my bow.
Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, twang went the yew,
My bow is undamage'd, said he, my dart,
And you will find trouble in bear.

9. MY OWN DEAR SOMEBODY.

WHERE I was oblig'd to beg
And had no where to lay my head,
I creep where yonder herds are
To steal a look at somebody
When I'm laid down and am at
May I be number'd with the blest
And may thy heartless feeling breast
Throb with regard for somebody
And ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And sigh for the loss of your somebody,
Your own dear somebody.
And should I never live to see
That form so much ador'd by me
And should reward my constancy
And I be blest with somebody,
My own dear somebody,
And may my tears be dried by
And I be blest with somebody,
Your constant somebody.

10. TOM BLOCK.

MY name is Tom Block,

h my timbers all ſhatter'd,
an old hulk in dock,
rigging is ſhatter'd;
n my hammock was ſore'd
dark ſtormy night,
y gun took my ſtation,
order'd to fight,
a ſailor, &c.
wind it blew hard,
cannons did rattle,
lions we fought,
ſoon gain'd the battle;
hard was my fate,
limbs from me lopt,
better for me,
to old Daxy had pop'd.
a ſailor, &c.
ve relief to a poor ſailor,
friends I have none,
family's all dead now,
wealth is quite gone,
g for my bread now;
Providence I truſt,
death ſhall me call,
art then I muſt,
bring up once for all.
a ſailor, &c.
ive relief to a poor ſailor.

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11. BLOOMING SALLY.

I a jolly young lad, Jack Rollius my name,
he briny main ocean I roam,
purſuit is with courage for glory and fame,
ing Goorge and my country I love.
trowſers milk white, my ſhoes jetty black,
nd buckles ſo clean and ſo ſmart.
tty blue jacket ſet tight to my back
as always the pride of my heart.
n call'd to I cherrfully go,
nd ſee every order obey'd:
the billows run mountains, and hurricanes blow,
ld Jack's not daunted or afraid.
if that by chance we meet with our foes,
d to fight them our orders do run,
With cutlass and piſtol to my ſtation I'll go,
Stick firm to my duty and gun:
A good ten knots an hour I like for a grace,
In purſuing an enemy's ſhip,
While they ſcud it away we're giving them chace,
And boring our grog and our ſlip.
Thus o'er the rough billows, where driven along,
On many ſtrange coaſts, as I go,
The girls of each port they give me a ſmile,
Their meanings I very well know.
Then find them a gig, when lovers I call,
And left at my eaſe on return,
I laugh and joke, and talk with them,
But Sally's my only concern.
At —— this little rogue dwells,
Well known by her nice winning air.
That all other girls of the place ſhe excels,
She is pretty Sally the fair,
We have both made a vow, ſhould we get the ſtuff,
To marry and ſo become one,
As others have done, for 'tis common enough,
And we'll ſet up a houſe of our own,
Then ſhe'll be called madam and I'll be called ſir,
We'll ſtick up the ſign of the tar,
Amongſt girls and their ſailors we'll buſtle and ſtir,
While Sally ſhall attend at the bar.
Sing fal de ral fal de ral.
Sing fal de ral, fal de ral, fal de ral.

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12. DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE BAKER.

TOTHER evening a baker ſat hatching of evil, (ſtood Mr. Devil;
He turned round his head and there
O ho! quoth the baker, being in a ſad fright, (this night?
What brings your infernal ſhip here on
Derry down, down,

Devil.—*I'm come, Mr. Baker, pray be not afraid,* (*ing the bread,*
To praiſe much your conduct in raiſ-
For by griping and pinching, and ſtar-ving the poor, (*will ſecure.*
A warm place in my regions you thus
Baker.—*Mr. Devil, the ſwine, how they grumble at me,*
They call me a pig, and a guinea-pige,
Say my wife and my daughter's toſt off in the beſt,
With their ſhort-body'd gowns, and their heads ſo high dreſs'd.
Devil.—*Mr. Baker, youre right, and youre up to each rig,* (*guinea pig,*
Youre an overgrown big bellyd rich
And ſooner than you will be put to your ſtraits, *in ſhort weights.*
Your bread you each day ſerve them out
Thirteenpence halfpenny for a quar-tern loaf pay, (*the right way,*
Which I'm ſure for to ſtarve them is
So good Mr. Baker I ſee youre the thing, (*ties bring,*
You upon the poors head ſuch calami-
Baker.—*Mr. Devil, the poor, if they can, run in debt,* (*fret,*
Which cauſes me often to grieve and to
Then how could we ſtaunt and jaunt it throughout, (*things about,*
If our roguiſh tricks did not oft bring
Devil.—*Mr Baker I cannot but much you applaud,* (*a reward,*
And I'm ſure in my regions youll meet
Youll be baked like a hot roll, burnt up like a pye cruſt, (*tions unjuſt,*
And there meet a reward for your ac-
Baker.—*Now, dear Mr. Devil, you do me affright,* (*ſome ſpight,*
And I really much fear you owe me
Farmers, millers, and mealmen, no bet-ter than me, (*there them ſee?*
When I come to your regions ſhall I
Devil.—*Why, yes, Mr. Baker, theyre down in my liſt,* (*me your fiſt,*
But I now muſt be jogging, ſo give
Farewel, Mr. Burncruſt, keep theat-ing each day,
Until I am ready to fetch you away.

13. OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the day
And ſpangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn,
Dogs, huntſmen round the window throng
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Ariſe the burden of my ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

CHORUS.

With a hey how chivey,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound,
The dogs ſnuff the gale;
The upland winds they ſweep along.
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the ſong
This day a ſtag muſt die.
Poor ſtag the dog thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace,
Alike the generous ſportſman burns
To win the bloomſing fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
They each become his care.

14. LERA LA.

LITTLE does the townſwife know
While at home ſhe tarries,
What muſt be a laſs's life
Who a ſoldier marries;
Now with weary marching ſpent,
Dancing now before the tent.
Lera, lera, la.
In the camp all night ſhe lies,
Wind and weather ſcorning,
Only grieves her love muſt riſe,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful ſkirmiſh done,
Pleas'd ſhe ſings at ſetting ſun,
Lera, lera, lera, le.
Should the captain of her dear,
Uſe in vain endeavour,
Whiſpering nonſenſe in her ear,
Two fond hearts to ſever;
At his paſſion ſhe will ſcoff,
Laughing, thus ſhe puts him off,
Lera, lera, la.

15. SALLY MAC GEE.

YOU ſporting young girls, give ear to my
ditty,
Pray liſten awhile you may ſmile at the
I'm a buxom young girl juſt come from
I love for to play at your Venus's game

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